

CHARLES Began Life as an Office Boy, Now, Worth Twenty Millions, He LEAVES THE SUGAR TRUST. He Resigns His Offices Because of His Poor Health.

A MAN OF MANY PARTS. It Was He Who Suggested to the Havemeyers to Choke Competition.

HE MADE MILLIONS BY IT.

His Memory Was Shown in Several Investigations to Be of a Remarkably Convenient Construction.

"H. O. Havemeyer, President: "Dear Sir—Under the advice of my physician I am compelled to decline to be a candidate for re-election to the Board of Directors of the American Sugar Refining Company. Yours truly,

"JOHN E. SEARLES. "December 16, 1893." In this brief note lies the span of John E. Searles' business existence as far as the Sugar Trust is concerned.

He will still cling to some tens of millions of dollars' worth of stock in this and other trusts, but the active management thereof will be given into other hands.

From the general doctor and factotum of the Sugar Trust he will become his own physician for awhile and will stay at home and nurse a severe case of grip. It is said that he has found the duties too heavy. It is also said among the Sugar Trust people that he will be succeeded in the directorate by Lowell M. Palmer.

At one time the opinion of John E. Searles on sugar counted for more than that of all the Havemeyers put together. All the details of the sugar refineries were in his hands. He set the prices. From Maine to Mexico and from New York to California he held the tapes of all the sugar tickers.

When, in the checkered past of the Sugar Trust, legal questions of a probing nature were put to Henry Havemeyer or his brother Theodore, they would invariably answer:

"Go and see Mr. Searles. He is the only one who can tell you anything about that."

Then Mr. Searles would either forget, or remember things wrongly, taking the Havemeyers' advice to "Remember nothing."

A Minister's Son. Almost half a century ago his father was pastor of the old St. John's Methodist Church, in New Haven. At that time John E. Searles was ten years old.

He went into the firm of W. & P. Armstrong, sugar refiners, in New Haven, as an office boy.

He was a good office boy. He remembered everything and forgot nothing. Later in life, when he had millions, he forgot everything regarding their accumulation, and remembered nothing.

He was quiet and careful. He became chief clerk. Then he came to New York and looked about him. For a long time his one business was sugar. It was the only thing he knew thoroughly.

He married a Miss Pettit, who brought him several thousand dollars. He still worked for the Armstrongs.

After a year or two, however, he realized that the firm was not large enough for him. In those days trusts were unknown, but the bacilli of trusts were in his mind. So he went to the Havemeyers and applied for a position. He had an ingratiating personality and a quiet persuasive way that captured the sugar kings. He was given a situation.

Very Shrewd Suggestions. He advised the purchase of all dangerous competitors. The Havemeyers snapped at the bait. In the meantime Searles had been up the East River Sugar Refining Company for \$350,000. This was one of the dangerous competitors referred to by Searles.

He added it to the Havemeyers for \$700,000, which was a very neat scoop. Then the Sugar Trust grew, so did Mr. Searles. The Havemeyers had lost their players, were soon glad to have him for a partner.

He was taken into the firm and made secretary. In a few years he was held to be worth \$200,000. The profits of the trust were enormous.

Then came a Congressional investigating committee, formed to inquire into the doings of the trusts. In the course of the examination Mr. Searles was called to the witness stand. He could not remember anything. He was connected with the business of the trust. He was asked if the trust had given \$100,000 to the Republican campaign fund.

He declined to answer. So it was with everything else of moment asked by the committee.

Several new trusts were formed by Searles. Among them was the American Cotton Company, capitalized at many millions of dollars.

The Congressional Committee found out practically nothing about any of the trusts with which Mr. Searles was connected. Mr. Searles was investigated for contempt of court. The investigation again failed to find out anything.

A Journal Epigram.

In a Journal editorial about this time was the following:

"It has been judicially established now that Messrs. Havemeyer and Searles do not hold the Senate in contempt."

"These are the only two American citizens of whom this can be said."

From this Congressional "investigation" dates the greater part of Mr. Searles' bad luck. His housekeeper, Mrs. E. C. Tierney, got a judgment against him for services.

His resignation was written to Mr. Havemeyer. The resignation of John E. Searles had a depressing effect on Sugar stock, which declined 3½ points net, to 120½.

Mr. Searles was the real executive head of the Sugar Trust. He knew the ins and outs of the business even better than its president, H. O. Havemeyer. The effect on the company is generally looked upon as detrimental to its best interests. His resignation will take effect on January 11, when the next annual meeting of the Trust takes place.

To Elect Three Directors.

Notices were sent out yesterday from the office of the Sugar Company asking for proxies for this meeting. A circular which accompanied these notices stated that three directors are to be elected to succeed John E. Parsons, John E. Searles and William Dick. Mr. Dick resigned several months ago and was succeeded for the year by John Mayer. The proxies asked for are for the election of John E. Parsons, John Mayer and Lowell M. Palmer.

BRINGING BACK A MAN AND A WOMAN TO THE LIFE THEY SUDDENLY FORGOT.



"Mr. Nemo, of Nowhere," in Jersey City General Hospital. (Photographed by a Journal artist.)

By a strange coincidence two lapses of memory under almost similar conditions have occurred within a few days. A man and a woman, the former in Jersey City, the latter in New York, have given themselves voluntarily into the care of the police, declaring themselves utterly unable to remember their names, their homes, their friends or anything of their past history.

THE MAN—Shrewd Devices Tried to Change Him from Nobody to Somebody.

"Mr. Nemo, of Nowhere," is anxious to find himself.

In the body he is not lost; he is safe in the big general ward of the City Hospital in Jersey City. But mentally he is a wanderer. He has forgotten his name and all details of previous history which gave him an identity among men.

"Mr. Nemo, of Nowhere," wandered into the Ocean avenue police station Friday evening and asked for a night's lodging. He explained to Sergeant Quinn that he did not know his own name and couldn't remember where he lived.

Personally the man is an attractive individuality. He is young, not over twenty-five, tall, lithe, well set up, blonde, smooth-shaven, with a college boy's mass of light hair parted in the middle; the air and manners of a gentleman.

Sergeant Quinn told the young man to empty his pockets. A small comb, a package of cigarette paper, a handkerchief and a self-closing tobacco pouch gave no clue to the recent personal history which he had forgotten.

His clothes were equally non-committal. He wore a dark sack suit, a Fedora hat, polka dot waistcoat and tan shoes. His pocket alone bore a name, through which identification might come.

Sergeant Quinn asked more questions. "Mr. Nemo, of Nowhere," passed his hand over his brow and frowned away. Dr. Hollister sent him to the City Hospital, and he soon recovered consciousness, but memory did not return.

The mysterious man was taken on Sunday to the office of Chief Murphy at Police Headquarters.

"Can you write?" asked the chief.

"I don't know."

"Take this pen and try. Write as I dictate."

My Dear Sir: I am in a hospital in Jersey City. Am afflicted with a peculiar malady which causes me to forget my name and where I live. I am anxious to get home, but unfortunately cannot find the police in finding my family or friends.

The pen in a practised hand had put the words into clear, clerical text by the time the chief finished.

"Now sign it," commanded Chief Murphy.

The pen approached the paper and stopped. For ten minutes the writer sat staring intently at the paper, page.

"I can't! Oh, I can't remember!" he cried.

"You remember your mother?" said the official gently.

"Let's try to write to her. Address her as you always do."

The pen flew over the paper rapidly for five minutes. Then the last man passed over the letter.

Dearest Mother—I am in Jersey City at the hospital and something has happened. I don't know what, that has taken away my memory. So I am just writing this to see if the mere act of addressing one who is all the world to me will bring back my recollection. Oh, mother, think of me, and with the force of your mother love aid me in this horrible ordeal. Your loving son.

"Good!" said the chief; "just sign it as you always sign letters to your mother."

After a moment the young man slowly wrote "Will."

"Is that your name? Will?"

"It seems so, but I'm not sure. I'm not sure of anything."

"Well, just address it: think how a letter addressed to your mother looks, and copy it."

After a few minutes' thought the young man slowly addressed the envelope thus:

Mrs. W. J. Hartman, Holyoke, Mass.

But the Holyoke police yesterday wired that they could not find a Mrs. Hartman in their town. Chief Murphy's stratagem came to naught.

"Mr. Nemo, of Nowhere," readily consented yesterday to sit for his photograph.

FLASH LIGHT BLOWS

220 OFF OPERATOR'S HAND.

Several persons were injured, one very seriously, at the home of Jacob Hoffman, No. 61 Madison avenue, Paterson, N. J., by the explosion of a magnesium lamp last night.

Mrs. Hoffman had a little party and had planned to have a picture of the guests taken by flash light. Alfred Hyde, a silk weaver, of No. 22 Second avenue, was operating the camera. The group was arranged a few feet in front of the lamp. When the lighted, alcohol-soaked ball was dropped into the saucer of chemicals the explosion occurred. The report was deafening and many of those present complained of deafness. Hyde's hand was blown off at the wrist. Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman were injured by pieces of the lamp lodging in their faces, and nearly all the guests were burned or bruised.

The flames were put out instantly. Hyde was hurried to the General Hospital in an ambulance.

LOST PORTLAND BROKE THE CABLE.

Opinion of Wreckers Who Have Fished Up the Anglo-American Wire.

SNAPPED ON DAY OF STORM

Off-Shore End Just Recovered at Point Where It Is Believed Steamer Went Down.

MAY FIND THE WRECK TO-DAY.

Cable Workmen Will Grapple the In-Shore End, and in Doing So Hope to Locate the Lost Steamer.

Boston, Dec. 19.—The break in the Anglo-American cable which happened during the forenoon of November 27, the day of the great storm, was located to-day seven miles off Peaked Hill bar, Cape Cod. The cable steamer Minia picked up the off-shore end of the break and buoyed.

The point where the cable is buoyed is seven miles, east-northeast of Peaked Hill bar, a point at which the majority of the life savers and the old sea captains on the cape seem to agree that the steamer Port-



land founded. The cable workmen think that the cable was broken by the steamer as she went down and that in the vicinity of the break the wreck will be found. The work of grappling the in-shore end of the cable and splicing the two will begin to-morrow, when developments of interest with relation to the Portland may be hoped for.

A dispatch from Provincetown says that the Minia put into that port for a harbor late this afternoon and will leave early in the morning to complete her work.

DE VOE PREDICTS A BLIZZARD.

Declares That It Will Reach Here Two Days After Christmas.

Professor De Voe declares that a storm, followed by rain and sleet is due to-day. He promises a blizzard for December 27.

"The only thing that prevents the complete accuracy of my weather prophecies," said Professor De Voe, "is inability to calculate the distance north and south, where the storm turns. As soon as I can get hold of certain astronomical data from the Government observatory at Washington I shall be able to forecast not only for a short distance ahead, but for any given year."

STUDIES OF MRS. MOORE IN COURT.

She was pale and thin and slightly nervous at first. She regained her composure soon, and at length, throwing back her head, scanned closely the face of each juror.

Mr. Levy questioned the talesman. He trusted much in his client's woman instinct in the selection of the men. Once he asked her:

"Do you like him?" He referred to an intelligent and rather handsome young man who had accompanied the witness chair.

"Yes," she answered.

But the young man said he was so prejudiced that his verdict would be influenced, and he was not a juror.

Throughout the trial it was evident that Mr. Levy regarded his client's intuition, kindled to acuteness by her peril, as far superior to his own judgment concerning a juror.

When she shook her head down came the talesman. She rejected quickly a Scotchman who spoke in metallic voice, of the law and his conscience. She was eager to accept an elderly man of benevolent mien, who spoke with emotion of his dead children.

Throughout the first day's tedious her enemies could not find fault with her demeanor. She was unobtrusive, silent and collected, and for the most part kept her eyes cast down.

The process of choosing jurors was painfully slow. All four of the jurors finally selected were married men and had children. Three of them were above fifty years of age. The youngest was thirty-seven.

The defense was both gentle and solicitous with the talesman whose emotions seemed predominant. Mr. Levy probed with rare skill for the sympathetic spot in each man's nature. The answers to his questions betrayed that the examined man carried a big heart and a broad view, he patted him on the back, figuratively speaking, with soothing intonations.

Assistant District-Attorney McIntyre, by the character of his questions, seemed to care less for the emotional person, and in each case insisted on knowing whether the talesman would take the law as the court pronounced it, and having so taken, would name a verdict in accordance with it.

Totally unimpressed by the fact that Mr. Hill, Mrs. Moore's counsel, had offered to accept the first twelve men on the panel for a jury, Mr. Levy, when Mr. McIntyre had rejected this proposition, questioned the prospective jurors closely.

The monotony of the jury getting was broken by a small sensation late in the

afternoon. A court policeman had brought a man before the Recorder. The court stenographer was called, and, while the man answered, took his replies. Recorder Goff, putting his questions to the man in a low voice, was seen to point emphatically to the door, while the policeman escorted the man from the chamber.

It proved to be a person named John Rosenthal, charged by the Assistant District-Attorney with having spoken to jurors in the second trial of Moore.

"Did you speak with any of the jurors in the last trial of Moore?" asked Recorder Goff.

"No, sir."

"On the contrary, you did," the Court answered. "You have been hanging around here. You must leave the court room and you must not return."

Rosenthal left in a hurry. He refused to talk of the matter. Recorder Goff instructed Mr. McIntyre to investigate Rosenthal's actions and prosecute him if he saw fit. Mr. McIntyre will prepare papers in the case. Mr. Levy said he did not know Rosenthal.

Mr. Levy will do most of the examining of witnesses and will select the rest of the jury. Mr. Hill, who, upon the motion of Mr. Levy and the second of Mr. McIntyre, was admitted to practice in the Court of General Sessions, will sum up for Mrs. Moore.

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FAYNE MOORE IS PICKING A JURY.



Mrs. Fayne Strahan Moore at Her Best. This picture is from a photograph of the young woman taken before her present troubles fell upon her.

Got Four Members Yesterday, and All Married Men with Children.

TRUSTS TO INTUITION.

Her Counsel Apparently Relies Largely Upon Her Judgment in "Challenges"

Jurors in Fayne Moore Case.

No. 1—Joseph S. Pelen, American Clothes Wringer Company; fifty-four years old, married; has three children; lives at No. 113 West One Hundred and Eighteenth street.

No. 2—William H. Carnett, forty-six years old, excavating contractor; married; has children; lives at No. 422 West Fifty-first street.

No. 3—Francis J. Cullom, thirty-seven years old, restaurant keeper; married; has three children; lives at No. 2024 Lexington avenue.

No. 4—Sigmond Gallenstein, fifty-four years old, travelling salesman; married; has three children; lives at No. 124 West One Hundred and Thirty-sixth street.

Four jurors had been chosen to try Fayne Strahan Moore, the young wife of William A. E. Moore, convicted "hanger," when Recorder Goff adjourned court at 3 p. m. yesterday.

When the young woman entered the court room in the morning, she found her husband standing at the bar, while Lawyer Levy was asking Recorder Goff to defer his sentence until next Friday. The Recorder, in view of the fact that Mrs. Moore was on trial, granted the request and Moore was remanded.

Mrs. Moore had been brought over the "Bridge of Sighs," leading from the Tombs to the Criminal Court building. She walked with grace and lightness. Her carriage was much as if she were moving down a theatre aisle. A decorous smile stood on her lips. She did not raise her eyes to glance through her veil at the crowd. The railing gate was thrown open by an attendant, and she quickly went to the chair beside her counsel, Mr. Benjamin H. Hill. She shook his extended hand with the tips of her fingers, smiled brightly at Mr. "Abe" Levy, and sat down.

She wore a green woolen dress, stylishly fashioned. It was heavily braided with black, and the yoke was of red cloth, tucked. Her hat, simple in design, was of black velvet. A strand of pearls hung in front; underneath, at the back, was a rosette of yellow ribbon.

Selects Her Own Jurors.

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"TRIUMPHED OVER OUR PREJUDICES."

President, at Macon, Ga., Says That Is Chief Victory of the War.

MET BY CROWD AT STATION

His Atlanta Words: "Care for the Confederate Dead," Framed on Reviewing Stand.

COMPLIMENTED THE GENERALS.

Said Audience Wanted to Meet Heroes Shafter, Wheeler, Lawton and Bates, So He Withdrew and Resumed Journey.

Macon, Ga., Dec. 19.—President McKinley arrived here at 9:30 a. m. At the station the Presidential party was met by fifteen carriages. Lined up along the street was the Seventh Cavalry, the bright yellow of their overcoat linings making a vivid contrast against the fog and drizzle that prevailed.

After driving through the streets the President took his place on the reviewing stand. On one side of the Chief Executive stood General Wilson and on the other General Bates. As the brigades passed the respective commanders took their places on the stand with the President.

Despite the weather a large and enthusiastic crowd was on hand.

A memorial address was presented to the President by the Confederate Veterans. The now famous reference "to care for the Confederate dead" in the President's Atlanta speech was framed in a huge wreath of flowers and placed on the pedestal of the Confederate monument.

Mrs. McKinley remained in the parlor car while in Macon, and bowed frequently to the crowd that gathered at the depot. On account of her slight cold it was not considered advisable for her to face the rain.

President McKinley spoke briefly from the reviewing stand. He confined his remarks chiefly to the pride the American people should take in their army.

"Never was there a more magnificent army mustered," said the President, "and never was an army mustered for a holier cause, or under a more glorious flag than the stars and stripes."

"On the twenty-fourth day of this month, the day before Christmas, our Peace Commissioners will deliver to the President of the United States a treaty of peace—peace with honor, peace with the blessings of liberty to struggling peoples east and west."

"I congratulate my country on another fact. We have not only triumphed over our enemy, but we have triumphed over our own prejudices, and are now a united country."

"I know this great audience wants to see the heroes of the war. They are here with you—Shafter and Wheeler and Lawton and Bates and others who were conspicuous in the recent conflict, and I give you that you may have the pleasure of meeting them."

Augusta, Ga., Dec. 19.—The Presidential train arrived at Wilesea, Ga., the military camp, a few miles out, at 3:25 p. m. Here the President and party were met by a reception committee and after taking a carriage rode through the camp under escort.

The stay in Augusta occupied four hours. The party is due in Washington to-morrow afternoon.

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